

There are no tears like a mother's tears, nothing to so restrain a mind wandering into evil paths. The man who looks back over his childhood and youth, regrets nothing so much as that he brought tears of sorrow and sadness to a fond mother's eyes. Every tear a mother sheds over a wayward child is recorded in the great book, and he shall answer for it.

INDIANS IN THE BOY'S TOWN.

If they could, the boys would rather have been Indians than anything else, but as there was really no hope of this whatever, they were willing to be settlers, and fight the Indians. They had rather a mixed mind about them in the meantime, but perhaps they were not unlike other idolators in both fearing and adoring their idols; perhaps they came pretty near being Indians in that, and certainly they came nearer than they knew. The boys lived in the desire, if not the hope, of some time seeing an Indian, and they made the most of the Indians in the circus, whom they knew to be just white men dressed up; but none of them dreamed that what really happened one day could ever happen. This was the arrival of several canal-boatloads of genuine Indians from the Wyandot Reservation in the northwestern part of the State, on their way to new lands beyond the Mississippi. The boys' fathers must have known that these Indians were coming, but it just shows how stupid the most of the fathers are, that they never told the boys about it. All at once, there the Indians were, as if the canal-boats had dropped with them out of heaven. There they were, crowding the decks, in their blankets and moccasins, braves and squaws and papposes, standing about or squatting in groups, not saying anything, and looking exactly like the pictures. The squaws had the papposes on their

backs, and the men and boys had bows and arrows in their hands; and as soon as the boats landed the Indians, all except the squaws and papposes came ashore, and went up to the court-house yard, and began to shoot with their bows and arrows. It almost made the boys crazy.

Of course they would like to have the Indians shoot at birds or some game, but they were mighty glad to have them shoot at cents and bits and quarters that anybody could stick up in the ground. The Indians would all shoot at the mark till some one hit it, and the one who hit it had the money, whatever it was. The boys ran and brought back the arrows; and they were so proud to do this that I wonder they lived through it. My boy was too bashful to bring the Indians their arrows; he could only stand apart and long to approach the filthy savages, whom he revered; to have touched the border of one of their blankets would have been too much. Some of them were rather handsome, and two or three of the Indian boys were so pretty that the Boy's Town boys said they were girls. They were of all ages, from old, withered men to children of six or seven, but they were all alike grave and unsmiling; the old men were not a whit more dignified than the children, and the children did not enter into their sport with more zeal and ardor than the wrinkled sages who shared it.

After the red men had flitted away like red leaves, their memory remained with the boys, and a plague of bows and arrows raged among them, and it was a good while before they calmed down to their old desire of having a gun.

W. D. Howells, in Harper's Young People.

Brother John, O.S.B., has resumed his arduous duty of teaching the negroes in the Chickasaw Nation. He reports an average attendance of thirty-five pupils. May success crown his efforts!